

Children's Department.

THE BEST NUTS.

One morning Harold called for Charlie, his friend, on his way to the kindergarten. And they stopped at what Harold called the hot peanut man's to spend Harold's nickel, which had been given him because for a whole week he had not missed his lessons.

"I think peanuts are the best nuts in the world," said Charlie, as they walked on eating.

"Butternuts are good too," said Harold, "and walnuts. But I tell you what, Charlie, when I was at grandma's farm last summer, and when we were playing all day, and came in tired and hot and thirsty, grandma made us wash our faces and sit down for awhile, and then would bring a glass of milk and a plate of doughnuts, and doughnuts are the very best of all."

"That's so," said Charlie, "'specially if she gave you a great big plateful hot. I believe I do like them better than peanuts."

"She always did," said Harold. "And she never seemed to mind how many of them we ate, and always asked if they were good, and if we had enough; and there isn't a shell to 'em, and they're just as big and fat and good!"

"Just like a grandma themselves," said Charlie.—*Exchange*.

THE LITTLE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

She was a bright-faced, blonde little lassie who passed her fifteenth birthday on August 31, 1895. She is rather pretty, and has a slender, graceful, young figure. I have seen her dressed in the peasant costume of Zeeland, and she looked for all the world like one of George Boughton's dear, delightful Dutch maidens, except that her cheeks were not ruddy. She has a very delicate clear complexion; her hair is pale brown, and long and wavy; her eyes are blue, and there is a delicious twinkle in them which suggests that the young girl has a fair sense of humor. Her Christian names are Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria.

She rises at seven o'clock every morning through the year, breakfasts at eight, and at nine o'clock her lessons begin. The study she likes best is history. The morning studies are stopped at half-past eleven, and then she goes for a drive. No matter what the weather is nor what the season, she drives in an open carriage. At half-past twelve she has luncheon with her mother. After luncheon she takes another short drive accompanied by the Queen Regent, or by Miss Van der Pall, one of the superintendents of her educa-

tion. When she returns from her second drive she has lessons again until four o'clock. At half-past four there is tea in the English fashion. Then until dinner time she is free to amuse herself as she pleases. She roams in the palace gardens, or perhaps has an outing with her ponies, or perhaps she plays with her dolls. At half-past six dinner is served. Always, if the weather be fine, Queen Wilhelmina gets into the open air again for half an hour's drive or walk. Her hour for retiring is as regular as the hour for rising. She is in bed by ten o'clock each night, and the lights are out. This part of daily regime is the one which pleases her least of any. Few interruptions to the child's studies are permitted. Whenever or wherever she goes a portion of each day is given up to her books and to her tutors.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

HUMOR FOR THE YOUNG.

The following extracts are from examination papers recently handed in at the public school in Connecticut:

1. From what animals do we get milk? From the camel and the milkman.
2. The hen is covered with feathers. With what is the cat covered? The cat is covered with fleas.
3. Name an animal that has four legs and a long tail? A mosquito.
4. Name two kinds of nuts. Peanuts and for-get-me-nuts.—*Harper's Round Table*.

The Sunday School.

WHY SHOULD WE KEEP OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS OPEN DURING THE WINTER.

I would like to answer this question by asking a few others.

Why is it we have the longest term of day school in the winter? Is it not simply a matter of convenience?

Is it not because the farm work is lighter and the boys and girls can be more easily spared?

If it is not too cold for the children to go to school five days in the week, why should it be too cold to go to Sunday school on the Sabbath?

If the father can put the children in the big sled and take them to school on stormy days, can he not do the same on Sunday?

If it is not too hard on the horses to stand three or four hours on the street corners, will it hurt them to stand an hour and a half at the church?

Is not winter the great revival season in all our churches?

Should not Sunday school teachers and pupils be in closer touch then than at any

other time? May we not hope, at these times especially, to win our pupils to Christ?

If we do not find a place of interest for our children and young people, will they not find it for themselves? And would this always be the place we would choose?

Do vice and crime go into winter quarters?

Does the saloon-keeper say "I have ruined enough young men, blighted enough homes and broken enough hearts during these summer months, I will close this door to perdition and open again in the spring?"

Does the keeper of the gambling den say, "I have gathered enough glittering gold and shining silver that should have gone to feed crying children and broken-hearted wives; I have brought enough misery, distress and wretchedness into the world during the summer, I will close my infamous business and open again in the spring?"

Shall the children of this world be wiser than the children of light?

When all places of vice, crime and degradation are closed for the winter, then may we safely close our Sunday schools, and not until then.

It is the duty of every denomination to care for its own young people. If we fail in this respect, may the Lord send someone else, some other church that will gather them into the field.

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A WORD TO TEACHERS.

Perhaps you have concluded a hundred times that you are a poor Sunday school teacher. After the hardest kind of study you have failed to really interest your class. You do not seem to be able to think new thoughts about the lessons, and what you read in the lesson helps don't seem to help much. Do you wonder what is the matter? Perhaps you are trying to teach altogether by precept and very little by practice. Do you ever write friendly letters to your scholars? Do you call at their homes always when they are sick, and often when they are well? Do you ever invite them to your home to a little tea party, or to a picnic? Did you ever send one of them some flowers?

Say, Teacher, listen while we whisper something to you. Boys and girls will put up with an awfully poor teacher, if they are convinced by her acts that she loves them.

If the "precept" process seems to be a failure, suppose you try the practice process a little while. You will be delighted with the result.—*Awakener*.